

JEFFERSON REY S. TAYAG

*To Reach
For
The Logos*

A COLLECTION OF FREE VERSE POEMS

2025

Introduction

What does it mean to reach for the Logos? Must one chase it, or is it everywhere? If it is everywhere, then why is the world drowning in disorder? For me, Logos is present but is often met with resent.



Forgiven

I've been pondering lately,
The sins I have committed
In my heart, they are always seated.

If I do the right thing now,
Will I be forgiven?
Or will judgment still be given?

I've carried guilt and shame
Since I stood on my foot
Will I be able to forgive myself
After I leave my youth?

Do I need validation
For someone to tell?
Or is it me
Who will cast my own serpent to hell?



Theatre

Have I forgotten who I truly am?
Beneath a thousand masks lies one actor.
If I took it all off,
Would the actor beneath be stoned,
Be alienated?

Can an actor without a mask survive
In a society that treats the world as theatre?
A thousand masks
And fear is their glue.
The stronger the fear,
The tougher the glue.



Ocean of Madness

Have your toes ever touched
The ocean of madness?
Or are you already swimming in it?

Are you afraid
You might drown in absurdity?

Baptized by conformity as an infant,
Do you wish to be baptized again,
For the second time?

The people on the other side will laugh,
Calling you fools for swimming in lucidity.

But tell me
Who controls the tide?



Which Way?

Is moving forward the only way to advance?

To go left and take a stroll?

To go right and enjoy the view?

If the road ahead is a dead end, would you fall to
your death?

Did you honor yourself by the destination itself,
or by the way you took to enjoy the self?



Should We Suffer?

To live is to suffer Or to live is to find joy within
suffering?

Is our pain justified when we endure So that
others may feel pleasure? Is our pleasure justified
When it blooms From the suffering of another?

Surely, some Adam and Eve Stand more equal
than their kin.

And how thick-skinned must a human be to claim
the right to dictate who shall suffer more, And
who shall feast on pleasure.



Your Savior

Who is the savior
Your friend? Your parents? Your partner?
Or some entity beyond this world?

If your friend flees, what will you do?
If your parents disown you, what will you do?
If the one you worship rejects you,
Who are you left with?

Will you also abandon yourself,
Or will you save it?



The Beast That Devours

Across the land and across the sea,
The beasts of the world walk free.
“Who can match its power?” said a prophet.

But the more important question is,
Who gives it power?
God? The accuser? Or those who cower?

It uses propaganda as its fuel
And makes humanity more cruel
The great, the small, the rich, the poor.
What can an individual, or a group,
Do to a beast with massive troops?



Dawn of Dreams

The sun rises as dreams come to an end,
The moon dims the light when it's time
To dream and hope again.

Some dwell longer in the moonlight,
Some never see the sunrise.

Worst of all are the ones who claim to have
authority over stars,
Ensuring that those hoping to see
Even a glimpse of the dawn
Are prohibited from seeing it.

These beings haven't seen sunlight
Nor moonlight since their eyes have been closed,
Yet they want their own order to be imposed.

The sword is the stick they use to move forward,
And it is written:
Those who live by the sword
Shall die by the sword.



Wake Up Again

We will wake up countless times,
most after sleeping, some while awake.

What makes a dream?
I sometimes dream so hard that I never wake up
if I do, in reality, will I ever keep up?

If the cave I live in ever collapses,
and the sun is too bright,
will I go blind, or will it adapt to my sight?

When you wake up while you're awake,
then the true dream will begin.

To dream while awake is to forge your own reality
to dream while asleep obscures lucidity.



The Chef

One man's soup is too salty,
For another, too bland.

If I boast of suffering
More than one who suffered differently,
Who does not even complain,
Then I insult the chef.

If I demand a new problem from the chef
Before finishing the last,
How will the problem nourish me
If I never learn to finish
The chef's previous dish?



Burden of Belief

I believe, so I must prepare
Prepare for regret and disappointment,
Fantasize about achievements.

If I lean toward expecting disappointment,
Will the pain feel lighter?
If I lean toward expecting achievement,
Will the joy make me stronger?

It is the beauty and the curse of believing:
The force that drives humans into living.

Belief causes grief,
Yet it can also be the reason
Happiness rests upon our sleeves.



Death's Embrace

The land, the sea, the sky
will be indifferent after you die.

Even those who mourned you will
but will you continue still?

The final living witness is the Earth;
would it feel hurt?

Emotions fleet.
Some hope in heaven they will meet,
some believe they will be born again,
some believe the void is where they'll be sent.

Does death need to be meaningful?
Must expectations need to be met?
Or is it enough
for one to simply accept?

When one passes away,
do they lose the things they strived,
or gain all the things
they made alive?



Seed of Truth

To die for one's own ambition is the majority,
but to die for liberation is what makes humanity.

The victorious will write things that determine
the course of history,
but still, it is you who will write your own story.

No matter how the powerful try to erase it,
there will always be someone to witness it

it may be God, family, friends, you,
or even those who tell you they hate you.

They will bury the seeds of truth,
but someday, I hope,
everyone will get to see its fruit.



Kingdom

Does science contradict the divine?
Should we take the books at face value?

Who spoke in parables?
The one who flipped the merchants' tables.

It is written: we were made from clay—
should we take it literally?
Or are the words mere anomaly?

Clay is malleable, just like identity;
we can be who, what, where,
with the gift of audacity.

He turned water into wine,
and for those who drank,
they acted like nine.

For it is written:
you cannot enter the kingdom
unless you are born again
like saying you will never see it
unless you are a child again.



Who To Love?

What is love?

Is it when one reproduces,
or when one sacrifices a part of themselves?

Who is anyone to say
another cannot love their own gender,
even if it is written
in the books of messengers?

Is love only valid
when it leads to multiplication,
or does it transcend
even religious conventions?

Some will say,
“Who are you to tell us this?”
I am nothing
but a human
trying my best
to be human.



Revolt

The tyrant's dream
is a slave's nightmare.

Most slaves' dream
is comfort,
even at the cost of freedom.

But those who seek to be free
are subject
to the tyrant's killing spree.

To revolt
is not merely
for the sake of rebellion,
but for the sake
of the nation.

But which nation, importantly?
The answer is
humanity.



Monsters

Beware the dangers of being aware.
For you will realize that the sunshines and
rainbows
are often reserved for those who are not fair.

The feeling will make you rage,
disappoint you,
and you will resent them.

But someone once said:
"When you fight a monster,
see to it that you don't become a monster
in the process of fighting the monster."

And if you ever become one,
try your best to reflect
on the suffering of someone.



Prejudice

What is justice and injustice?
Is it called justice
when it is fueled by prejudice?

Who decides what is fair or not?

When those who enact the law
act above it, no?

Evil produces justice and injustice,
yet evil fears both of these.



To Be A Human

Who am I?

A human, trying his best to be a human.

What is my identity?

Beneath a thousand hard-shelled masks lies a
soft, malleable clay,
which can be shaped into whatever I want,
if only I had enough audacity.

And to maintain that audacity,
I shall befriend tenacity.

What truly makes a human?

It is when you fight for liberation
to the point that you even defy condemnation.

As someone said,
"Man is condemned to be free."

And for me to embody that
is what I look forward to see.



Roots

The strong wind
will carry away
the things that don't have solid roots,
even you.

But a strong foundation
will feel like it merely soothes.

What is carried away
will rot and perish,
but the tree that stands tall,
or even a sprout
that defies the fall,
the gardener will cherish.



Vile Art

Courage isn't just continuing to live despite hardships
it is about finding beauty, no matter how vile the world is.

What is beauty without tragedy and comedy?

Those who weep will laugh,
and those who laugh will weep

Just as the sun rises after a long night of darkness

And the moon dims after the light is enjoyed.

Joy is never permanent,
just like lament.



Young And Old

There are old young people
and young old people.

It is often the young old people
who throw tantrums,
and the old young people
who realize their doom.

Aging is inevitable,
but maturing isn't.

Some old people die
with the emotional intelligence of a toddler,
and some youth die
with big dreams
but never had a chance
to get older.



Old News

It says news,
but it's olds.
When will the truth unfold?

Same old corruption,
murder, rape.
When will we stop
acting like apes?

The idea of perfection
is impossible,
but is that an excuse
for us to at least be plausible?

I myself am a very flawed person,
but how would others wake up,
without others' voice of reason?



Tell Me

Why? Why us?
Why are we blessed
and cursed
with sapient consciousness?

It breeds illusion of greatness
and offers delusion
to the masses.

On the other hand,
it drives others
to lend a hand.

We wrestle against humility,
pride, modesty, greed
and it will all continue
until humans can no longer breed.



Shame's Power

Cringe and shame
means you've done something beyond lame.
Either controversial or something unusual.

If you beat yourself for it too much,
how will you discover and explore such?

If everyone laughs at you,
remember that everyone experiences it too,
and not only you.

All those who gained fame
are those who never let shame beat their game.

I, myself, am a timid person,
and always try to negate it with my own reason.

But I believe
there will come a day
when I can bear the shame
if I get ridiculed for something I say.



Death's Game

Cheat anything in this life, but not death.
For, since your birth, it has already been set.

Cheat at a game you're free to go.
Cheat on exams and hope you don't get caught.
Cheat in relationships, and destruction will be
brought.

But to cheat death, many people sought to
transcend.
The rich, the powerful, the ambitious all try to
outrun death
no matter how hard they try, all death can do is
let out a sigh.

"Well, we had a good run," he said.
"Time to put you in your final bed."



My Choice

Woke up early in the morning,
4 A.M. as usual.

Getting ready with the belief
it will make my future steady.

It wasn't really my dream,
but for my family,
I will continue, it seems.

I want to chase freedom,
but I am bound
by the love for my fam.

The ability to choose
is a bittersweet gift,
just as love is.



Grow Small

To grow is to remain small,
to stand tall, you must prepare for a hard fall.

The tougher you are,
the less the need to flaunt it.
For it is those who are insecure
that do it.

The crop may be small,
but it is the roots
that are the most important of all.



The Living Dead

There is life in the lifeless,
and there are lifeless ones who are living.

Find meaning in the darkness
and make your life beautiful,
and you will see life in everything
yet people will perceive you as a fool.

The dead that are living are not alive,
and only for materials
they continue to strive.



Two Sides Of The Coin

People with great dreams
are often called insane,
because mainstream
is what society considers sane.

What's the difference
between the dream of being rich
and the dream of being homeless?

Both lean
on a spectrum of freedom,
nonetheless.



For Pleasure

We toil to experience pleasure,
in exchange, society places upon us too much
pressure.

“My grades are too low,” a student said in sorrow,
“will it satisfy my employer to show?”

Life is beautiful and natural,
but we made it too artificial.



Break The Limits

We will find our limit countless times,
we will have lots of meltdowns, breakdowns,
cry to the point where we would just prefer to
die.

There is nothing wrong with glorifying one's own
suffering,
but it is wrong when it leads to flaunting
and to one's own defining.

Two choices:
to give meaning is to keep living.
to strip away meaning is also to keep living,
but it strips away your being.

To press further,
even in the face of odds' murder.



Fate's Comedy

To hate fate is to suffer more,
to love it is to accept it.

As I look at my own reflection in my phone,
all I can do is laugh.

I don't know why I find it funny
maybe because I'm puny?

What if I live this exact same life forever?
My God, what a dream fever!



One's Own Pen

Don't steal the pen
someone uses to write their own story,
especially if you use it for your own glory.

Autonomy is a gift and a curse
one can express their wants, needs, desires,
beliefs,
yet one must also prepare to be stricken with
grief.



Education

A big myth is that education costs money.
For true education is free, and it lacks rigidity.

This world's knowledge can be sold,
but your wisdom, inside, will unfold.

Seek it, don't give it disdain,
but if you embrace it,
prepare to be called insane.



Envy

Envy can be a drive for competition.

If a human is devoured, he won't notice
that his skills and abilities have already soared.

There is nothing wrong with wanting to improve,
as long as your heart can still be moved.

Envy is a fuel
it can burn,
or help you propel.



Wrath

Wrath begets wrath,
even love begets wrath,
but it is rare for wrath to beget love.

The martyr who fought for love,
although buried deep,
will remain above.

And although the tyrant,
even though he is currently above,
is far away from the dove.



Price

Faith, hope, and love cost nothing,
but they ask for everything.

It is everywhere—beside, above, under, beneath,
yet in the hearts of men, the world's obscurity
they sit.

The unreasonable desire for money, power,
control,
might someday lead to humanity's downfall.



Born Twice

Life begins after you are born for the second time.

As infants, the world gave you your name, your role,
the environment around you shaped your identity
as you began to crawl.

To be born again means you don't have to come
outside twice from a woman,
but to transform yourself to be truly human.



Incomprehensible

The ignorant won't understand an intellectual's
reason,
and an intellectual might not understand a
madman's cognition.

How much more when someone tries to
understand
where no man has the capacity to stand?

The Divine who transcends reason and madness.
I can't tell, but I believe I have already felt.

As it is said,
"The Tao that can be described
is not the Eternal Tao."



Diet

If lies are sweet and truth is bitter,
would a balanced diet make your life better?

A life full of sweets will lead to long-term
destruction,
and a life full of bitter will make your life less
happier.

Eat sweets at the proper moment,
consume bitter as your main diet.



Word's Force

The ignorant kill when hearing words,
the unfortunate kill themselves when hearing
words,
but those who are aware kill within upon hearing
words.

Guns and swords are merely sticks,
and it is words that drive men sick.



Stop, Ready, Go.

You are your own traffic signal.
Would you go if someone says red?
Would you stop if someone says green?

If you keep following someone's signal,
it would lead to an unpleasant final.

Dictate your own green,
dictate your own red,
and if you need a moment of mellow,
dictate your own yellow.



Trust And Doubt

Trust and doubt both kill and protect,
one kills more, the other protects more, yet both
teach valuable lessons.

A person who always trusts risks everything he
must.

A person full of doubts must be okay with being
separated from the crowd.

A human of both is a trait I sought.



You Are An Artist

Freedom above all,
for everything that occurred in this world
is because of freedom.

War, peace, murder, bliss,
without freedom, everything will cease.

It is a sweet yet bitter art,
where everyone is an artist
and plays a part.

Freedom kills,
but it also heals.



Endless Pit

Humans are the deepest, shallow vessels.

We fake depends on what we need,
and be genuine when faced with an existential
deed.

Still, only you know your true self,
it may be frustrating to someone
but it is a bliss for those who fear no one.



Foreign

Some readily admire
and glorify foreign objects,

yet resent people
for the very same reason and treat them like
disposable subjects.

A diamond is only worth
what you're willing to give up for it,
but a foreign brother is worth
where all materials fall short.



Unseen Love

It is you whom I love,
The One everyone says is above.

The One I can't see,
The One who is the reason I came to be.

The One I once blamed,
because my life was always in flames.

From you came all emanations
humanity, the beauty, and all abominations.

I can't be mad at you,
for all the roads I took always lead to you.



Not You

I can never ignore you,
even though my mind tells me it hates you.

Yet my heart tells me it forgives you.

You might have done me wrong
you might be the reason I have trauma.

I will try my best to be on good terms with you,
but know that I will slightly distance myself from
you

not out of hatred,
but to make myself feel protected.



Corruption

Corruption isn't always about money,
but also about the mind and the body.

When we hear about corruption,
first thing that comes to mind is
betrayal of one's own nation.

But what is behind?

The corruption of the mind,
and what comes after it is hate,
which will make someone destroy somebody,
which results to
the corruption of the body.



Temporary Flesh

Burn my dead body,
throw it in the lake,
throw it in the dumpster.

All that matters is I lived
and tried my best to not be a monster.

My body is temporary,
but the earth is the witness to my obituary.

Death comes to everybody,
and their deeds determine their real sanctuary.

Closure

I want to thank all of my inspirations—Hope,
Stress, and even Delusions.

It may sound funny, it may feel cringe, but
remember, this world we're living in is unhinged.

Be yourself, express yourself, for in the end, the
last person who will be there with you is yourself.

